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*Doctor Judas. A Portrayal of the Opium Habit.* By WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE. Chicago, 1895, pp. 320.

This book is dedicated "to my wife, who, innocent, suffered most for my transgressions, and in grateful recollection of her gentleness, forbearance and love throughout the long night of opium slavery," and its motto is, "Opium is the Judas of drugs; it kisses and then betrays." The author writes his book from a pure sense of moral obligation, and has never given a thought to how it would be received. His habit was based on opium cordials given him as a child to quiet his cries by the advice of physicians, and, at the time of writing, he had been eighteen months freed from thralldom to the drug, after nine years of abject slavery. He inherited sensitive weakness, read sombre books as a child, resolved to enter the ministry, at seventeen was a skeptic, but later did chaplain duty in the navy. At the end of his slavery his body was pricked as by ten million needles, his knees smote in agony, every joint was racked with a consuming fire. The most truthful man will lie when in any stage of addiction to the opium habit, he says. Fears of death and suicide impulses were strong. Loquacity, abstraction of memory concerning the most common things, fits of personal excitement when everything seemed possible, spells of dreamy reverie, sounds in the ears, etc., were common. De Quincey is wrong in denying a tendency to increase the drug, that the drug's power declines with use, in ascribing the depression of spirits to "sedentariness" and not to the drug, and in saying that the drug added thirty-five years to his life, and that he decreased his daily dose. In all these respects Mr. Cobbe's experience is contrary to that of De Quincey, whose falsely attractive description of its effects has caused the opium habit in thousands of cases among the best classes. Much, he says, is in short an opium lie. The stages are: cessation of pain, voices clearly uttering distinct sentences, double and distorted vision. Laudnum phantasmagoria, insomnia, semicerebration, horrified and fantastic night dreams, visions of battles and judgment in a crescendo series are described. Just what the good angel in human form was that cured him, we are left in doubt. On the whole the book adds little to either the medical or literary contributions. The language is superlative, the book is rather incoherent and tedious, and whether the work of a genuine victim of the habit or not is likely to be most useful as an appeal to other victims. Even these, however, will chiefly miss the practical details of the cure and its causes.

*Bill Pratt, the Saw-buck Philosopher.* By I. S. ZELIE and C. PEREZ. Williamstown, 1895, pp. 121.

This strange character, familiar to the students of Williams College for fifty years, was a man of stalwart frame, rather feeble witted, but with a passion for oratory and a sense of oratorical rhythm that were of remarkable psychological interest. His good nature was boundless. For any student he liked, or for any small group, he would stop sawing wood and pour forth a volume of impassioned oratory, which, despite its incoherence, his great physique, and voice, and vigorous action, made impressive, and which would impress any one just far enough away not to hear the words, as the intonations and cadences of a consummate rhetorical climax. His flights were always brief, and generally ended in a sudden drop to bathos, which seemed to gradually develop as his defense against the derisive element in the uproarious applause which followed. One or two illustrations must suffice. The follow-

ing is an impromptu funeral address delivered one day and stenographed in front of West College, just after a funeral procession had passed: "Murmur and mourn! The language of life is past. The grass of gullery is gone, and the electricity of the bay-rum tree is decided with the laments of refuge. Oh, he was a good man. How the grasshoppers of his belief floundered with the winds of his whiffle-trees. What a burden he was! What a beautiful Pharisee! By the corduroy of his attainments and the melody of his magnificence he retired, and the palms of his pussy-willows wave with the rolling Ottaw." To a theological graduate on his return to the college, whom he met on the street, he orated thus: "You have the gloomy shines. Worn with a tumult of the conflict of Hebrew and a scrutiny of salvation, are you consumed with your mountainous circumstances? Are you deprived? No, sir! Why, sir? Because you have regulated your eccentricities, and you now have a coherent ideification." Of the clergy, he said: "They are men of deprudence. They have walked the verges of life with a crucifixion of memory. They have hibernated among the sanctified symptoms and a confession of matrimony. Oh, the catechism of chief end of man. How they have walked the verges of life with the carbollic acid of depression," etc. Sometimes in these flights his eyes were closed and he seemed as if mentally belaboring his theme with intense abandon. If there is such a thing as an innate vein of genius for oratorical rhythm, a pure declamatory instinct, it was found in Bill Pratt. Perhaps, in a more favorable age, he might have been a rhapsodist like Plato's Ion, or a muttering oracular dervish, into whose incoherence it is so easy to read higher meanings. Perhaps, as it was, his perfervid improvisation might have weighed a trifle as a warning object lesson against the spouting diathesis which some teachers of rhetoric in colleges other than Williams sometimes foster. It seems, at any rate, a most interesting psychic background or foundation on which no adequate superstructure was reared.

*Die drohende physische Entartung des Culturvolkes.* Von W. SCHALL-MAYER. 2 Auflage. Berlin, 1895, pp. 49.

Modern individualistic tendencies are at the cost of the race, and the only cure is the application of human reason to the problem of natural selection. Great cities, bad school methods which hurt the nerves, factory life, fashion, the extremes of both poverty and riches, etc., interfere with natural selection. Against all the tendencies to progressive degeneration of soul and body, the author proposes that all physicians should be made state officers, and that detailed "family books," should be kept recording all medical and hygienic facts concerning each member of the family, by a plan to be kept for centuries. Thus future generations can draw certain conclusions concerning the heredity of neuroses, early and late marriages, etc.

#### IV.—FEELING AND TEMPERAMENT.

*Studies in the Evolutionary Psychology of Feeling.* By HIRAM M. STANLEY. London and New York, 1895, pp. 392.

"This work," the author tells us, "does not profess to be a treatise on the subject of feeling, but merely a series of studies, and rather tentative ones at that. I have attempted to deduce from the standpoint of biological evolution the origin and development of feeling, and then to consider how far introspection confirms the results." Some of the material of the book has appeared